

Kissing on the Sly.

Mostly where we were—
She utters no reply—
How could she part her lips to speak;

While kissing on the sly—
There's such a sum of smacking bliss

That Croesus could not buy,

The honeyed worth of one sweet kiss

That's taken on the sly—
Oh! this kissing on the sly—

This kissing on the sly—
This winking winning style of hugging,

Kissang on the sly.

The maiden neek the kiss received,

But she did not care to say—
And with the air of one beweaved,

She heaved a heavy sigh—
Again that wayward whisper pressed

Her cheek; she breathed—O my!

How grateful to the bunched breast

On this kissing on the sly—

This kissing on the sly.

Through rigid rule declare thyself
To a crime so high;

No lover dare deny the deed

Or keep it on the sly;

The world's best and proudest

With Dishes—ye—

The custom don't a bit abate

Of kissing on the sly—
This kissing on the sly—

Intensely thrilling—strife killing,

Kissing on the sly.

While leading thus a single life,

What happen'd last night?

When opportunity without strife,

A glorious chance descry,

To seize the day—treasure which

None may get half so rich,

Thus kissing on the sly—
Oh! this kissing on the sly—

Aye! kissing on the sly—

This treacherously tempest care exempting,

Kissing on the sly.

Ladies' Dresses in Muddy Weather.

It is an unpleasant sight to see the ladies in the streets, on rainy days, adorning their dresses to trail in the mud. This is an

pardonable. There is no impropriety in raising the skirt high enough to keep them out of the dirt; there is a very undignified prudery in refusing to raise them slightly when cleanliness requires it. It is not necessary, however, for any lady to hold her dress with her hands to keep it out of the mud. The English women, says a European writer, understand these things better than we do, go out walking in rain and mud, wearing long dresses, and without taking their hands from their own home with the clothing as cleanly as when they started out. How do they do it? They wear skirts that do not reach lower than the ankle; short enough, in fact, to keep clear of mud without any lifting. The dress is worn long, but is looped up when the lady is in the street. The loops are a late invention, and are not the fashion in Great Britain. A woman who should go out in muddy weather without them would be considered a prude. This are made thus: There is a belt of blue ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide, and long enough to go round the lady's waist. With a knot at the end and an eye at the other, as a fastening; a piece of the same kind of ribbon three yards long, is attached to the end and the middle of the belt. The belt is now put on with the knot and eye in front, and hanging down on each side is a loop of black ribbon, three-quarters of a yard long. When the lady is about to go out, she puts on her belt, and puts a knot of the lower portion of her dress through each loop, which is thus raised into four festoons, and it is above the lower edge of the petticoat. She then walks out with her hands free, her dress clean, and her conscience at ease; and if she wishes to enter a house, she can take her dress out of the loops in an instant. The looped dress is not only clean but graceful, and it shows a white petticoat, one of the most beautiful articles of ladies' apparel, to much advantage. In England, however, a white petticoat is not considered indispensable; on the contrary, many women, particularly those who are well dressed, people as also are red wool stockings. Indeed, the white cotton stockings are the exception, and not the rule, for bon-ton wear in winter. Wool is sometimes worn, sometimes scarlet, or scarlet with black stripes, or plaid with a variety of colors. And then the shoes are set of thin cloth, with paper soles, but Balmoral boots, with heavy uppers and thick soles, facing up in front, as if they were made for beings of flesh and blood, bred on roast-beef, and good for real service, hard work, sturdy health and long life. Our American women are too much in the habit of following bad fashions, and neglecting good ones. If they will just adopt the healthful practice, as well as the expensive luxuries, of European aristocracy, it will be far better, as well as more creditable to them. We are glad to see, however, that a correct taste is being exercised by our ladies. They study health and comfort more than the fashions, and we may expect to see them as new and robust as any of our English cousins.—*Bon Ton Journal*.

A REPUBLICAN VIEW OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Boston *Advertiser* says that if it had no other evidence, the inaugurations of the new President of the

"Confederate States" is proof of the unusual wisdom with which the secessionists acted when they elected Jefferson Davis to that office. It credits him with an marked combination of the qualities most needed for his work as any revolutionary leader ever exhibited, and adds:

As the leader of the cotton States in their movement against the General Government, whether the controversy is to be carried on by civil measures only, or by stern methods, to which no process himself prepared, though unwilling to resort; this Government could have no

more dangerous enemy than Mr. Davis, and this fact, we believe, needs to be more

widely recognized than it is among our people. Because Mr. Davis has left the extreme South, many have come to regard him as possessing the personal qualities

and weakness of the "fire-eaters." But

Mr. Davis is, on the contrary, cool headed, far-sighted and not hasty. What he says

or does is not the result of crazy impulse, but of cool determination, and is supported

not by the temporary strength of frenzy, but by real intellectual and moral power. In short, he is antipodal to what we have seen in military men

—and will make for his government an accomplished officer. He is one of the principals of the popular and flourishing King's Mountain Military School. His election

is an honor well bestowed.—*Vigilant Courier*.

Why am I penning this? Gen. Scott writes

widely a letter in Maine: "Crusoe it am

the matter in debate anything except the

Union."

A Beautiful Extract.

The following extract is from a letter, which was written upon the death of a child:

It went in the morning—a bright and radiant morning—nearly went yesterday, more to day, and there are dews to be shed for the departing of tomorrow. And can it be wondered that pleasant summer mornings should begone them into going? Is it a marvel they do not wait for the burden and the moon, but follow the lark and her song over the range of the morn? That those words so beautiful, they should make some truth, a d'joy south in the morning?"

Going in the morning—a glorious morning—when the sky is all beauty, and the world is all bliss, ere the dews have gone to Heaven, or the stars have gone to God; when the birds are singing, and the cool winds are blowing, and the flowers are out that will be shut at noon; and the clouds that are never rent in rain, and the shadows which with crimson lie away to the west.

We have sometimes seen a little coffin, like a casket of jewels, all alone by itself in a huge laurel, unlovely with plumes, and gloomy as a brown, and we have thought, not so, should we accompany those a little way who go in the morning. We have wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them, and lay it gently upon their laps, the sleepers there lulled to slumber without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered what there was for tears to such a going—in the early morning from home to home—like fair white doves with downy wings emerging from either night and fluttering for strange at the windows of Heaven. Never yet has there been a hand wanting to take the wanderer in, and shut out the darkness of the storm.

Cup those little faces; it never seemed to us, that death could place its great seal; there is no thought of the charnel house in those young listeners to that invitation, whose acceptance we are bound not to forgo; then should the morning songs and not sights; fresh flowers and not badges of morning; no tears or clouds, but bright dewdrops and bright dawnings together.

Feed up the white rose; by aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the garment, of the larp of gold, and the fair blos within its delicate light, white as you think that no man can make that memory old. An eternal gentleless child, writing about the third old of Paradise for the coming of a friend from home.

Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish; the bright ears grow grizzled and gray; the young heart weary and old, not there, changed as the stars, and young as the last new morning.

The poet tells us of a green bough bent by the tempest from the tree, and swept rapidly along the breast of an angry river, and a mother held with cries of grief fearing beside it for her son and her child, writing about the third old of Paradise for the coming of a friend from home.

Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish; the bright ears grow grizzled and gray; the young heart weary and old, not there, changed as the stars, and young as the last new morning.

—And there's no night there."

Transforming Power of Vice.

You have heard the story of the Italian artist who, meeting with a child of exquisite beauty, wished to preserve his features, but he should never see such loveliness again. So he painted the charming face upon canvas, and hung it upon the walls of his studio. In his most sombre hours that sweet, gentle countenance was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest aspirations. "I never find," said he, "so perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also and hang them side by side—an ideal of heaven and hell." Years passed. At length in a distant land, he saw in a person the most hideous creature he ever gazed upon—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes, and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The artist remonstrated his views, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome form to inter beside the portrait of the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect. His dream was realized. The two profiles of the mortal were before him. When was the sight of this artist, on inquiry into the history of this hideous wretch, to find that he was once the lovely little boy! Both of these pictures, the angel and the demon of the same soul, now hang side by side in a Tuscan gallery. Kind reader, you need not travel to a foreign gallery to see the transforming power of vice upon the body. The brazen faced, wanton looking wretch of whom was once a sweet, modest little girl, that blushed at the slightest indecent allusion. That obsequious, handily-bent visage was once a joyous-heared boy. What strange alchemy has wrought this beastly transformation! They have been in the hard battles of the opposite, and carry scars of many campaigns. In the basement cells of infamy and saloons of debonairness in my judgment, are sitting for their portraits. The demon artist of lust and intemperance is gradually moulding them into fiends. You may, young reader, stand spellbound by these hideous forms, but the angel of purity and innocence, the child of God, will draw you to her.

"Well, dear," replied the wife, "if I die lonely, after all, and just cannot my self be dressing up that puppet, and making believe you weren't home. I'm sure I didn't thank you would suspect—"

There, they said the changed husband

was no more to it. I know it was a rascal or a criminal. I would if I did it. It is true,"—Benedict repeated. "Now lay me, etc., and went to bed, resolved no to wake my mate at present."

Paterson Boys.—The New York *Evening Post* upbraids to contradict the report that Mr. Abel's son was rather a "fist young man." The *Advertiser* *Union* tells a different story about young Abel's habits, and illustrates it remarks as follows:

"When old Abel started from Springfield, he gave Bob a carpet bag, and told him that it was his especial and sole duty to see it safely delivered in Washington. The bag contained some private papers of the President-elect, and the Inaugural Message. At Indianapolis Bob got right and laid the carpet bag. It was not found, and the President's party was unable to find it. It is yet missing."

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